FLORAL GEMS

FROM FACT'S DRY SEEDS;

—AND—

POCKET REGITER,

—FOR—

Band of Hope and Sunday School

ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY ROSE MARHAM.

LONDON, ONT.:
Lawson & Jones, Printers.

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PREFACE.

I crave not a place on your book-shelves alone,
I aspire of your life to form part ;
If you think me worthy of notice at all,
Oh ! give me a place in your heart.

ROSE MARHAM.

Wreck of the S.S. Victoria,

MAY 24TH, 1881.

HARK! a sound of woe and wailing
Comes upon the evening air,
While groups around, of friends and neighbors,
Meet the sad eye everywhere.

Why this cry? Has fever stricken
The whole city as one man?
Or has the plague, as in time olden,
Come to London once again?

Listen! there's a cry now reaches
Of a woman's upraised voice,
Asking now—"Where is my darling?"
Answered—"Locked in death's embrace."

And with agony part deadened,
Falling back in true friends' arms
While questions asked and answers given,
Only causes fresh alarms.

On that morning, fair and lovely,
As ever shone forth summer day,
Thousands hastened off for pleasure—
'Twas the Twenty-fourth of May.

And a people, loyal in feeling,
Set apart their Queen's Birthday,
For in business they were thrifty,
They had learned where greatness lay.

Interspersing work with pleasure,
  Giving each their proper places,
Some had sought the railway station,
  By train to visit friendly faces.

Others, lured by lovely Nature,
  To the fair banks of the Thames,
Boarded on the Royal Victoria,
  Bound on gathering flowers and ferns.

Arriving safe at destination,
  Hither, thither speed the crowd,
Happy parents, happy children,
  Seemed the day without a cloud.

And the day passed—as such days will—
  All too soon—that one at least;
For those eyes, so bright with pleasure,
  Soon were dim with the death-mist.

And now the boat, already laden,
  Comes along the wharf to bear
Its precious burden of immortals
  To their landing—Where, Oh Where?

Now along the Thames' green waters
  Pass the merry, jovial crowd,
And forms now decked in dainty fashion
  Hasten on to wear a shroud.

Ward's and Woodland landings past—
  Oh! had our helmsman honest been,
Our eyes from tears would have been kept,
  And London saved from such a scene.

Into the water's deepest bend
  He took us; and the ship swayed so,
A voice cried, "Move to the other side,"
  "Or the boat will over go."

Too late! They moved, one moment more
The ship now quivered to its core,
Then over went—five hundred souls
Were struggling 'neath the water's folds.

But some had leaped into the water,
Before the boat went o'er
Tho' exhausted by the struggle,
Had safely reached the shore.

And now with upraised arms and voice
Of one, so escaped from death,
As with horror depicted on her face,
She sees the struggling mass.

"Save them, Oh! save them do," she cries,
And then entreaties cease,
For scarce a head is seen to rise,
All, all have sunk to rest.

A few, but very few escaped,
And sped along the shore to take
Into the city the sad news,
And help and axes bring to use.

In the meantime, some noble men,
When the ship broke up in twain,
Regained their footing on her deck,
Though wet and weary, went to work.

And now began the awful sight,
Which dead and dying brought to light;
Each one when saved had lost some other,
Father, son, fond friend, or brother.

Mothers, children, sisters, all
For each other loudly call,
And they scan the deck and shore
For the dress each loved one wore.

And while the hope of life still lasts
Some worked for warmth till hope was past,
And some gently bore with kindly hand
The dead and dying to the land.

Where fires burn bright to dry and cheer
Each dripping form that gathered there,
And silently the night drew on,
Which added horrors to the scene.

Hush'd were the cries, now hope had fled,
Save when one came across his dead,
Then kindly hands bore them away
And gently laid them in the dray,

Which took them to the homes bereft.
In some twas only father left
To labor and to bear alone,
When all that made work light was gone.

And other homes there were bereft
Of willing hands and willing feet,
Of little ones that lightened care
By running here and doing there.

And homes bereft of father's love,
And helpful means which make life move
So easily from day to day,
And chased the wolf of want away.

And still the ghastly work went on
All through the night and early morn,
Of bringing the dead from the waters cold
Till two hundred and eighty were found, all told.

But who is this? both tall and strong
Who stands with stricken face,
While in his arms there rests a form
Of childhood's winning grace?

Ah! well we know for many a year
Will come the harrowing thought,
Had I been there to do and dare
E'en death had harmed her not.

But thou canst go where she has gone,
Though she may not return,
They're gone before and got safe home,
While we still journey on.

And Father if the fight is hard,
The victory is sure,
And we may stand at Gods's right hand,
With loved ones gone before.

And still there is another yet,
That meets our eye on that scene of death,
With a little form on his heaving breast,
A casket of its jewel bereft.

And near him lay the comely form,
Of a woman whose ornaments still adorn,
And friends now seek to try and trace
To whom they belong when the man's face

A new terror began to show,
Surely that trinket I ought to know,
"'Tis my wife's" he exclaims, then "Oh!
My God my other children are here too."

And so alas on looking round
His other darlings soon were found,
Now wife and children all are gone,
A grief which scarcely can be borne.

Oh! Thou who dwellest up on high,
And seest such, Lord draw them nigh,
And help them through Thy chast'ning rod,
To call on Thee, the living God.

And they ladened the boat Princess Louise
Which slowly steamed beneath the trees
With its terrible freight of silent dead,
To the Sulphur Spring Gardens, their grassy bed.

And they laid them gently side by side,
The young and the old, the babe, and the bride,
And many still shudder as they think of the sight
That loomed out from the dark on that terrible night.

And on the morrow from far and near
Come the coffins to use in the funeral bier,
Till from end to end of the city were none,
To be bought for money, for all were gone.

And many were buried on that first day,
After the accident but many more lay
Till the twenty-sixth, for Mayor Campbell said
" Let the stores be closed while we bury our dead.',

And the streets of the city were deserted that day,
Save by those who went where the dead were to lay;
And men bared their heads at each sad procession
And I loved London more for her consideration.

While at many a door as we hurried along,
Crape, tied with black and white, was hung,
And others were waiting while we were gone
For the hearse and the cabs to return to them.

So ended the second solemn day,
Our loved ones from our homes had passed away,
And our hearts still bleeding began to say,
" Why were they taken Lord ! show us why."

And the answer came from His Holy Word,
The only answer of which I have heard,
" If any love me let him take up his cross,
And follow on after me it shall not be his loss."

For none hath forsaken for My name's sake,
Unholy friends, or companions who take
My name in vain, or trades which tell
Plainly they lead weak souls to hell.

But in this life rewarded shall be
And life everlasting receiveth with me.
"I would that thou lovest Me; how often I would
Have gathered thee to Me as a hen doth her brood.

I've tried thee with plenty, I've tried thee with spare,
Of loves thou hadst many, now thou art bare;
What more can I do to save you from harm?
You must be hot or cold, I can't have you luke-warm.

"I've piped and ye danced not" with joy in your heart
To God who gave richly. Now I've made you to start
Back with horror. Oh! will you not try
From this time to seek Me, "for why will ye die?"

Yes, Lord, we will seek Thee at once. O! forgive
All that is past, and help us to live
And work like the righteous that exalteth a nation,
Nor forget the sad lesson in this visitation.

But from that lesson so sad and dreary,
Comes a perfume sweet and cheery;
How easily God can raise up friends
With the trouble that He sends.

From our own and many another city
Came the helping hand of pity.
God bless them all an hundred-fold
For the sympathy of which it told.

It speaks again like Revelation,
"God of one blood hath made each nation;"
Help us to live like brotherhood,
Striving to do each other good.

And hasten the time when to our call,
Lord, Thou shalt come to rule us all;
"When we shall know Thee as Thou art
And learn to love Thee, as we ought."

R. MARHAM.

MEMORIAL.

Lines written by a mother on the loss of a darling child by the accident of the S. S. Victoria, on the Thames, the 24th May, 1881, London, Ont., Canada. Written on the 21st August, 1881, when feeling sad, because it is three months to-day since my darling hastened away to Sunday School with the text for the day's lesson, "Behold the Lamb of God." This was her last Sabbath on earth, as she was drowned on the next Tuesday. She was a child, wise beyond her years and thoughtful for all, especially for me, her mother. It always grieved her to see me weary and sad, being of a bright, affectionate disposition herself. She was truly one of those of whom it is said—"And they shall be all taught of God," for only so can we account for her sweetness and gentleness. She was eight years, four months and nine dasys old when she died.

R. MARHAM.

Sadly I miss you, my darling, my darling,
But, Lord, Thou art worthy my best to receive;
I would not recall her, O Jesus, Thou knowest,
For Oh! I'm sure that with Jesus she lives.

She has gone on before me but I will not murmur;
For Lord, Thou art worthy my best to receive,
But humbly I'll try while I live to adore Thee,
And show by my life how in Christ I believe.

Sadly I miss you my darling, my darling,
When to or from God's house I go or return,
Where so often thy dear feet have hastened with gladness,
To join in the lesssons thou lovest to learn.

But now thou dost see Him, of whom thou hast heard,
Thou behold'st the Lamb of God, day without night;
While still I am waiting until I shall hear,
The summons that calls me to share in the sight.

Sadly I miss you my darling, my darling;
Though my smile may be cheery and my eye may be bright,
Still to Jesus I go when I'm lonely and weary,
For I trust in His love and I know he is right.

Oft' hast thou knelt with thy father and brother
Beside me in prayer, while I gave thee to God;
But scarcely I knew how my footsteps would weary,
When with them alone I walked the same road.

But farewell, our darling! though sadly we miss you,
Our time, at the furthest, will not be so long,
Before father, mother and brother shall join thee
In glory, and singing the Seraphim's song.

R. MARHAM.

The Floods of London West,

JULY 10TH & 11TH, 1883.

IT WAS Tuesday night, the 10th July.
When a terrible storm o'erspread the sky,
And on the City and Village came down
Hour after hour it hovered around,
And the lightning seemed to enter the ground;
And the thunder's peal the City shook,
Till the vibration was felt in every nook.
And out on the night to our startled ear,
Came the ring of the fire bell, quick and clear,
And we ran to our doors and windows to see,
Where, in the City, the fire might be.
The Heavens were aglow with the fearful blaze,
And down through our streets the storm still raged,
We dar'd not go out, but could scarce keep in;
And above the storm's roar was the fire bell's ring,
And o'er the City the storm came and went,
Till far in the night its fury seem'd spent,
And we heard that the fire, though very large,
Was confined in the East, to the Victor's oil yards,
And we sought our beds, nor thought ere morn,
How many from home, and friends, would be torn.
Our ignorance was bliss, but early morn made us wise,
We woke with a start to list to the noise,
Of the sound of many voices, and the rush of hasty feet,
And the ringing of the fire bell, on our hearing seem'd to grate;
And we listen at our windows if in the murmurs we may catch
The import of threaten'd danger, two houses gone, is the news we get,

And we hasten getting ready, to join the multitude,
Passing by our door and window, when we hear,
"not fire, 'tis flood,"
And the time which never laggeth whatever may betide,
Still hastens, and the fire bell ringing,—the hour is nearly five.
And when we reach the jail on Dundas, ere we further go,
Looking o'er the waste of waters are many faces bleached with woe,
And we ask with faltering voices, "are any lives lost do you know?"
'Tis feared that many may be, the houses are surrounded so.
Then the men work'd with a will, to open up the boat-house roof,
Anxiety kept others still for only one boat-house was left,
And a shout arose as the telling blows left bare the boats to view,
For it meant life from death to those bereft, of all, but life just now.
And bravely the brave men rowed against the current's fearful tide,
Straining every muscle till they gained the far hill side,
And plac'd upon their safety heights, their precious living freight,
Of hundreds, who, without their help, must soon have sunk in death.
All honor be to noble men, to whom all honor's due,
For every trade hath lent its aid this misery to subdue.
And down the stream like mighty giants, came many a noble tree,
And houses pitching, tossing, rushing, "where can the inmates be!"
And the furniture and bedding went whirling, dashing by,

Until they came against the bridge where other wreckage lay.
Kensington Bridge has long since gone majestic down the river,
Blackfriars and Victoria stood the strain although with many a shiver,
And slowly passed that weary day the 11th of July,
Fraught with many an aching heart and many a weary eye.
Weary with watching and weeping,
For loved ones that could not be found,
For some were quietly sleeping, beneath the mud's sick'ning mound,
And far up on every bank was thrown, furniture broken, and torn,
And the carcass of many a noble beast, to the grassy slopes was borne,
And the City was stricken again that day.
All trades were hushed, and the people's way
Led them once more to the river.
As two years before with hurried steps and an inward prayer,
That God would have mercy, and his wrath forbear.
And we hailed with gladness at eventide, (the news)
Though the waters are strong they begin to subside,
Then on the morrow the devastation,
No pen can portray the flood's visitation.
Houses removed far from their places,
Some broke up and gone, some thrown on their faces,
Houses, fences, and barns all thrown up together,
Crushed and collapsed and so left by the river,
And the place where they stood lost forever and ever.
Oh! our feet grow weary as we walk through each street,
And our hearts are sad with the sights we meet,
With fences for sidewalks, where no sidewalks were left,
Or we walked through the gardens not finding the street,

Where so lately all was looking so trim and so neat.
Now the potatoes uprooted, exposed to our view,
And the currants half-ripened torn up with them too,
And the fruit and the shade trees lie scattered around;
While the rose trees, like beacons, still grow in the ground.
We hear of one family some of whom are lost,
Buried beneath a house which collapsed,
And those who are missing are forty in all,
Still we are thankful indeed the number's so small,
And this time of trouble hath again brought to light,
The unselfish and noble, of every day life,
There was a voice of prayer that caught the ear,
And nerved the heart to do and dare.
And the noble girl with wisdom fraught,
Who saved her sacred charge from hurt,
And cheered her father with her voice
We are all safe, whom he thought lost.
And the large-hearted mother who saved her four babes,
And herself and bible from watery graves,
God grant that his truths may be treasured anew,
And daily read by that mother and children too.
May it be to her and her children beside—
What it hath been to many—a treasured guide,
Through an uncertain life, through the shadow of death,
Then 'twill open the gates of heaven full breadth.
And the noble husband when told by his wife
"to lay hold on the box that was floating around,
But in moments like these how quick the heart sees,
What are treasures beyond all compare.
And the true metal's ring in his answer is seen,
"I would rather save you out of here,"
And away o'er the waters went the savings of years,
Gathered with hopes of rest for grey hairs,

But how cheerful will that wife work on at his side.
Nor feel her lot hard what e'er may betide,
And the dear boy asking "father what can I do,"
Being told "keep little Johnny close by you,"
Was faithful till death, for the receding tide
Revealed them in death still side by side.
Ah! the gentle word and the kindly deed,
Rendered to each in the hour of need,
Shall save many a soul from deadly sin,
And bring the light of God's love in,
Ye wives and mothers ne'er yet behind,
In all that's good, and true, and kind,
The prayer of faith with deeds combined,
Shall guide the hand that is divine.
But to tell all the kind deeds of neighbor and friend,
Of parents and children, there would be no end,
But may these afflictions, and mercies bless'd be,
To our sanctification, dear friend, you and me.

ROSE MARHAM.

The Dying Mother and Her Child.

A MOTHER lay on her bed of pain
With little hope of ever getting up again,
And her daughter, fair and young,
Did the work of the house, as much as was done.

And as days, and weeks, and months went by,
All knew that mother had got to die:
And young as the child was she learnt it too,
And oft wept to know what she should do;

For that mother was all in all she had:
No wonder the poor child felt so bad,
No father, or sister, or brother dear,
To sooth, or comfort, or love, or cheer.

And the mother oft thought of her little one,
Who would be so lonely when she was gone;
And her heart cried up to God on high,
To lead her child safe home to the Sky.

And one day when the mother seemed to repose—
And her hands were folded, her eyes were closed,
And her lips were moving, as if in prayer—
The child drew close; for she wanted to hear.

And bending down she heard mother say,
"Lord, keep her—yes; keep her from the evil way;
Help her to love only that which is holy,
For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory."

And the child rose up, and moved from the bed,
But often she thought of what mother had said,
In the midst of her work, in the midst of her play,
Would come, "Keep her Lord, keep her from the evil way."

And that mother died and was laid to rest,
And the child went forth on the world's cold breast.
No stone marks where that mother lay:
"By their fruits shall ye know them," I hear Jesus say.

And years went past in the battle of life,
And the child became woman amid the strife
And oft where evil in pleasure lay,
Was whispered, "Lord keep her from the evil way."

The child lives as wife and mother to-day,
And God has taught her for herself and others to pray.
And her mother rejoices in God's own light,
It's "by faith ye are saved and not by sight."

Oh fathers and mothers who live in God's fear
And deepen life's lessons by believing prayer;
Thou shalt stand on His right at the last great day
And "thy five talents have gained other five," Lord,
Thou shalt say.

August, '81. ROSE MARHAM

An Inquiry.

ST. THOMAS! and is he the patron saint
Of your city which bears his name—
With its wooded heights and its fertile plains
And its viaducts of massive frames,
Which span your hills of a hundred feet,
And seem by their magnitude to defy
The freak of Nature—to give reason why
You shall not run your trains over hill and dale
While man's will can still prevail?
Busy City; your future must be,
If founded on righteous law and liberty,
Firm as the hills on which you stand,
Fruitful as your valley'd land,
Rich as the views, with which you abound,
Of God's goodness to man, all the City around.

ROSE MARHAM.

A Picture of Fraser's Heights, Port Stanley.

ON Fraser's Heights are sweet delights,
To eye and ear, when skys are clear,
And health's bright glow, in their breezes blow,
As visitors' looks and spirits show;
For old and young there is laughing fun,
In the sights to be seen and the race to be run,
And the joyous shouts tell when the game is won,
In the tug of war when the pulling's done.
Then off they go to the croquet lawn,
Or down to the beach, o'er the Lake to be borne

By the gallant little steamer, while o'er lake and land
Floats the rich strains of the 7th Fusiliers' Band;
Or off to the swing, with a shout and a bound,
While the younger ones haste to the merry-go-round.
Others, drawn by the strains of the lively string band,
Turn their back on the pleasures of lake and land,
And to the dancing shed they go,
To trip the light, fantastic toe.
Or if for a ramble you're inclined,
Here Nature is lavish to suit your mind:
You can have your choice of hill and dale,
Of wooded height or grassy vale;
Or should you be ambitious for sights higher up,
You can be drawn at your ease to the observatory top,
And if the day is clear your eye can discover
Uncle Sam's domain over the border;
And as extremes meet, we will just mention here,
Your easy way to the beach is down by the car,
Which runs up and down the cliff's terrible height
(The ride is a novelty and will give you no fright;)
And if you prefer it your way then can be
Along the beach to the break-water, which you will see,
And into your cars all ready for home:
My picture is ended, my writing near done;
Yet there is one item comes into my head,
I should feel quite condemned if I left it unsaid:
God has given us much beauty above and around;
Let us try not to mar it by action or sound,
But throw into our lives the brightness we see,
Above and around us, where'er we may be.

ROSE MARHAM.

An Appeal.

MY HEART bleeds, while so many I see
Walk in the drunkard's way,
Who among earth's great men should be,
With men waiting for what they may say.

O, beware of the first tempting glass!
Shun the evils bad company brings:
To help you remember, dear boys,
On your fingers just count these five things:

First the thumb, in a prominent place,
[*Holds up the thumb.*]
Which means "Honor God," for it's nearest the face,
"Honor God," it will say, whatever you do,
"Them that honor him will He honor too."

Next comes the forefinger—let it Temperance be,
[*Holds up forefinger.*]
No tobacco or intoxicant shall be held by thee.
Now comes the middle finger, towering o'er all,
[*Holds up middle finger.*]
Truth it must represent, for without it you fall.

Then the third finger, Industry must be;
[*Holds up third finger.*]
The fourth must be kindness, plainly to see
[*Holds up fourth finger.*]
Five things—honor God, be temperate, be true,
[*Holds up the hand.*]
Be industrious and kindly in all that you do.

ROSE MARHAM.

The Orphan Boy's Dream.

ONE night I cried myself to sleep
Thinking of my mother,
When suddenly the room was filled
With Angels like each other;
Save in the midst of them was one—
My own dear, darling mother.

My little heart leaped up with joy,
And pushing past all other,
I cried, "I am your little boy,
My own dear, darling mother;
Oh! take me in your loving arms,
Nor leave me more, dear mother."

And then I saw them spread their wings,
But I only wanted mother;
They were bright, silvery, shining things,
And all drest like each other;
And as they went up to the skies,
They sang, and I woke with surprise.

And then I thought, "Yes I will meet
My own dear, darling mother;
I will ask her God to be my friend,
He knows I have no other;
He will help me to love Him too,
Then I will meet my mother."

And I shall sing that glad new song,
Just as I heard my mother:
Will you not strive a Heaven to win,
Through Christ, our elder Brother.
God help us all to seek His face;
Then we shall meet my mother.

ROSE MARHAM.

My Mother.

IN a lovely, fertile valley
On Old England's shore,
Lived a widow and her daughter—
Industrious, pious, poor.

But there came a time of sorrow,
When the mother sick and sore,
Though upon her work dependent,
Now could work for home no more.

And the child, tho' full of life
And energy and power,
Was too young to keep the wolf
Of hunger from the door.

On a bright and lovely morning,
In the springtime, fresh and fair,
Awoke the child with thoughtful sighing,
For the cupboard shelf was bare.

Up my child, and light the fire! "
'Twas the mother's cheerful voice;
But the child, lacking faith,
Said, " Why Mother, where's the use;

" We have no food, no tea, or sugar."
" Never mind," the mother said;
" God will send our breakfast, darling;
He hath promised daily bread."

And the child, again obeying,
Wondering much how Mother knew,
That they needed salt and pepper,
Laid the table for the two;

Then exclaimed, "Now all is ready,
We've no breakfast, Mother dear."
"Nay, while we wait the kettle boiling,
We will reading have, and prayer."

And before the God of Heaven,
Knelt that mother in her faith,
Pleading, "Ask, and it shall be given;
They shall renew their strength that wait—"

Pleaded how her Father knew
They needed food, but could not do,
With stricken hand, the work of life,
And now depended on Him quite—

And scarcely risen from her knees,
When at the door a neighbor sees,
With apron loaded, o'er her arm,
To hide contents from view and sun,

And saying, "You must not feel hurt,
That mother sent; but if you've naught
This might come handy; so I come.
If you have enough, no harm is done."

On the table then she spread
Tea, sugar, butter, meat and bread.
And the widow told, with grateful tears,
Of her own hopes and child's fears.

And again they knelt, with thankful heart,
Ere of the bounty taking part,
The mother asking that her child
Might ne'er forget that lesson mild;

But trusting, where she could not trace,
Go on with joy to seek His face,
Whom none has ever sought in vain,
In sore temptation, grief or pain.

ROSE MARHAM.

Consider the Lilies of the Field, How They Grow; They Toil not, Neither do They Spin.

ST. MATT., VI. 28.

H! the flowers, lovely flowers!
Oft have you cheered my weary hours.
When my heart was sick with pain,
You have help'd me into life again.

When I see thy forms so varied,
And have smelt thy sweet perfume
Rising up from earth like incense,
I own thy Maker is divine.

And my thoughts have gone
From Nature up to Nature's God,
Who hath strewn our path with flowers
Along life's rough road.

Thinking, if He cares so much,
To beautify our path,
Shall not He care more for thee;
Oh! Heart of little faith.

And again, refreshed with gladness,
Lord, I hasten on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son.

ROSE MARHAM.

The Wedding Ring.

THE amusing scene of which I tell
Was a village church in a lovely dell,
The day was bright, the world was fair;
So thought at least one happy pair.
This is to be their nuptial day;
So to the church they wend their way.
George and Anne, one pair of five,
Ere noon should see the nuptial knot tied.
So groom and bride, groomsman beside,
With father and mother and sister of bride,
Arrived at the church in time they say,
Tho' two mile from home the village church lay.
When the minister came it made a commotion;
Where each one should stand no one had a notion.
But the minister placed them side by side,
Each bridegroom on the right of his bride;
Then proceeded the service, and passed the "I will,"
When for a moment all was still;
The ring was placed on number one bride,
Likewise on number two that stood alongside;
Then the minister stood before George,
Why was he not ready, with the ring in his hand,
All quiet and steady! instead of thrusting his fingers
First in one vest pocket, then the other,
Then look'd at his bride then at Father and Mother,
Then murmured, "Oh dear, what a bother!
While a smile and a laugh, with a tittering sound,
Could be seen and heard in the church all around.
And handkerchiefs were needed, and eyes sought the ground;
While back to his pockets his fingers went,
But alas! alas! no ring could be found,
Though he searched vest, coat, and pants pockets all 'round.
All pitied the bride, who looked near fainting;
And the minister, now grown tired of waiting,

Turn'd to the next two couple, who ready stand,
With ring tight clasped in each bridegroom's hand.
In the meantime the groomsman came
To speak to the bridegroom about the ring,
And thrust his fingers in the vest pocket to find
The truant ring still left behind.
Then whisper'd all in good time, and the minister heard,
And turned to wed them without a word.
It was just upon twelve o'clock at noon,
And no wedding was legal when twelve was gone.
So now young men, take warning, I pray,
And be prepared for that terrible day.
If I thought you would not, and you wanted me,
You never should have me, I'd let you see.

ROSE MARHAM.

Angels Versus Babies.

ANGELS' visits, rich and rare,
Oft' we have in babies here:
Surely Blanche, thou art to me,
All an angel form can be.

Thy pearly teeth mid lips of ruby dye,
And thy large, enquiring azure eye,
And thy tiny limbs so fair,
Dancing hither and thither, everywhere.

Sweet and bright and transient too,
Oft' I fear thou'lt fade from view,
With thy little form and face
So full of beauty and of grace.

May thy future, Blanchie, be
What the present is to thee—
Bright, because of innocence,
And thy end be perfect peace.

ROSE MARHAM.

Dedicated in Love to My Dear Friend, M. A. D.

EAR friend, how I Love to meet thee!
My heart is glad where'er I greet thee;
For to me thou hast been
Oft' a true friend, I ween;
For with thy counsel thou often dost lead me.

Yet sometimes I've vexed and grieved thee,
Till thou thought thou surely must leave me;
Still thou hast been
Just what thou dost seem,
A true friend and counsellor to me.

How sweet to be glad in each other,
To act the part of a sister or brother,
As we journey along
Midst the world's busy throng,
As we'd be done by to do to each other.

I thank thee, dear friend, for thy friendship;
For a true friend is a friend in our need.
When to Canada we came,
There was none to bear the name
Of friend to us throughout prairie or township.

And now may Jesus be to thee and thine,
What thou hast often been to me and mine—
A friend to lead and cheer,
When the way is dark and drear;
As it is to all who dwelleth here sometime.

And when time shall cease to be,
Lord gather all to Thee,
For whom we weep and pray,
As we journey on our way.
Tho' chequered that way be, it leadeth us to Thee.

ROSE MARHAM.

Rollo on Duty.

IS a beautiful night, so Nursey thought,
And the look-out suggested a walk,
And her little ones safely tucked in bed,
"Will be all right now, no doubt," she said;
And she bade the under nurse attend "If they cry;
"I shall not be gone long," she said; "good-bye."
And out in the hall the noble dog laid,
And his long silken ears drank the words Nursey said;
And away in his wise old head he thought,
I will keep watch while nurse is out.
And after a time arose a cry,
Grievous and long; but not loud or high;
And finding no nurse attended the call,
He arose to his feet, and walked through the hall,
Into the nursery, up to where the nurse sat,
And, looking into her face, laid his nose in her lap,
And turning 'round again, he made for the door,
Looking to see if nurse came, while he went before;
And finding she did not, he went back again,
Laid his nose in her lap, and whined the same,
Looking so sad, and again went to the door;
And the nurse thinking it strange went out to see
If aught was the matter, or what it could be;
And finding she came he wagg'd his tail with delight,
Leading the way to the room where the child cried with fright.
And now duty done he lay down at the door,
And the child, soothed to sleep, all was quiet once more;
And as we thought of his care, and talked it o'er,
We agreed he was worthy the name he bore—
The name of a Prince, and warrior bold,
Who ruled the Greeks in times of old.
'Tis princely to care and do, and dare.
The right thing in life, tho' none may hear.
Let us not be beaten by a dog, in our duty,
But by cheerful alacrity add to its beauty.

ROSE MARHAM.

The Auction Sale.

GOING! Going!" The auctioneer said.
I looked. 'Twas a relic of the dead—
A pretty basket; within t'was lin'd
With pink; and with lace all prettily trimm'd.
"She was so natty," an old woman said;
"Ah! poor thing," with a shake of the head.
And I thought of the manly heart left sad,
Which she, in her life-time made so glad;
And the litlle ones, who, in the loss must bear
The heavier burden everywhere.
Going! Going!" again he said—
A bracket work'd with silken thread,
And blue and gold beads; 'twas of dainty make;
A friend bought it to keep for the dead one's sake.
Then came the chairs and tables, so good and strong.
Who thought when buying of death and dying?
To the young and happy life seem'th so long!
And the books in their case and the pictures, I thought
For their life lessons surely were bought.
And I thought of the wife and mother,
As the apple of gold in the picture of silver;
For surely such women as this has been
Are those whose worth is above earthly sheen.
"Going! going!" was still the cry—
"A carpet for wear, and to please the eye;
And kitchen utensils, useful and good
For lessening labor and preserving your food."
"Going! going!" till all was gone;
From morn till night, 'twas "going and gone."
And nothing was left but the broken hearth,
And the empty house and the empty heart,
And a green-cover'd mound somewhere away,
Waiting for God's Resurrection Day.

ROSE MARHAM.

A Dream.

ONE night as I lay wakeful, with weariness oppress'd.
Longing for sleep's oblivion, where the weary rest,
I was aware of being borne,
Swiftly, though silently, along;
And in my soul I knew full well
I was going to Heaven, where the blessed dwell;
And I pass'd through the gates of the City of Light,
Whose brightness and glory knows no night.
There were thousands of glorified ones around,
Yet there was room in that heavenly ground;
And I knew as they met and welcomed me home,
They knew where I had lived and what I had done;
For it came to my spirit, "Ye shall know as you are known."
And as I looked on each fair and lovely brow,
I knew where they had served their Lord, and how.
Yet no word was spoken in that great throng:
'Twas the silence of Heaven—the soul's sweet song.
And I wandered on in a maze of bliss,
Feeling how true, of this happiness,
The heart of man had ne'er conceived—
The holy peace, the perfect rest,
That remains for each in the realms of the Blest.
And away in the distance I saw a throng
Countless in number, and I knew the Throne
Was in their midst, by the glory that shone,
And that the lamb was the light thereof.
No sickness nor sorrow, no pain nor death,
Was in that fair land, through its length and breadth,
With its holy hush of quiet rest,
That came as a calm to my troubled breast;
But I hastened on, that I might be
In the throng, my Lord to see.

But, alas! there was no place for me,
With those who serve continually.
And, I thought, could I but live
Again on earth, what I would give—
What I would suffer, do or bear,
That I might stand with them up there;
For I knew these are they of whom 'tis said:
"They out of great tribulation came,
And have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."
And I awoke; 'twas but a dream—
To me a revelation given:
On earth each must prepare for Heaven;
For they were men like us in passion,
Who, by prayer and faith and holy life
"Have washed their robes and made them white;
Therefore are they before the Throne
And serve Him day and night.
And they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;
Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat;
For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the Throne,
Shall feed them and shall lead them
Unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away
All tears from their eyes."

ROSE MARHAM.

On the Death of a Sweet Babe Nineteen Months.

DIED APRIL 21ST, 1883.

FAREWELL, dear 'Bert, thou darling child,
With thy sweet mouth, and blue eyes mild,
Which shed their light of laughing fun,
On all around; thy race is run.

Short was thy pilgrimage below,
But e'en thou hadst a work to do,
To cheer kind hearts thy life was given—
Thy death, to lead them up to Heaven.

May sanctifying grace be given,
From Him who spoke a "world from naught,"
And through this sorrow may they be
Drawn nearer to their God and thee.

ROSE MARHAM.

Cast Down, But Not Forsaken.

'TWAS a stormy night, dark and drear,
When a maiden knelt in her room at prayer;
She had often knelt at that spot before,
But never as now had she knelt before.

Never since first she sought and found
Pardon and peace on Faith's trusting ground;
But, alas! in a moment, when danger seemed nigh,
She had forgotten her Lord and told a lie.

And now a pall, as of endless night,
Had shroud'd her soul from all the light
And love of His presence. Her Lord was gone,
And her soul was with agonized penitence torn.

For it had been hers for her peace to flow,
Like many a sunny river we know,
Full and bright, with murmuring song,
Seeking to bless and be blessed as she journey'd along.

But now she pleads with terrible cry,
"O God! for Christ sake, forgive the lie,
And let me not live this curse to bear—
O God, in mercy, hear my prayer.

"Thou know'st I was sorely tried and afraid,
Or I for strength and help had pray'd;
O, God of the helpless hear my cry,
In mercy Jesus pass me not by.

"Lord, Thou hast said, and I believe,
That every one who asks receive.
I am not worthy; but Lord I pray
Forgive the sin I have sinn'd to-day."

'Twas thus the maiden pleaded, with tears
And bitter grief; though young in years,
She had early learned her Lord to love,
And though working on earth she walked above.

And now to her the loss how great,
No food nor rest she dar'd to take—
She could not lie upon her bed
Less morning light should find her dead.

So she knelt and prayed with bowed head,
And fold'd hands, with Bible spread
On the little table by the window light,
With blind updrawn on that dark'ning night.

And she pray'd that a sign to her might be given,
The sign of a star in that dark'ning heaven,
That God would forgive her sin so great,
Nor His holy spirit from her take.

For ofttimes she had asked for a sign before,
And had searched her bible o'er and o'er,
Believing as sure as ever 'twas spoken,
"Ask and receive," God would give her a token.

But now 'twas dark, and she could not see,
The word or the line, whiche'er it might be;
She had been a child but humbly taught,
But she loved with a love that had never a doubt.

So now she looked, with a longing eye,
For the bright'ning star in that angry sky;
But she look'd and pray'd, and look'd in vain,
For each passing cloud but blacker came.

And she thought, "ah, it is to me
A sign I cannot forgiven be,
And must this darling book I love,
A seal'd letter henceforth prove.

She seized her bible, pressed it to her,
Kiss'd its leaves, and covers o'er,
Exclaiming! "I must love it all the same,
And Thee Lord, Bless thy Holy Name."

Then with her bible tightly clasp'd,
She for a moment thought
Of all the blackness and darkness that
Must be her life henceforth.

Then with quivering lip, and tear-dim'd eye,
Again she search'd the clouded sky,
But all is dark, ah! now 'tis riven.
A star shines brightly down from heaven.

With quickening breath and tight clasp'd hands.
A prayer of praise at once ascends,
Lord can it be, dost thou forgive?
Help me that I henceforth may live

Thy wondrous love to shew.
In word and deed may truth abound,
With gentleness to all around,
While I live here below.

And now the terrible strain was o'er,
She felt herself weary and worn,
And sought the rest she needed much,
While the star kept shining on.

And in the morning refresh'd and bright,
Rejoicing in God, for his love last night,
While the Holy Spirit whispered within,
To keep this peace, confess your sin.

And she went and told, "how griev'd she was,
She had told a lie, and sinned against God,"
And they forgave and valued her more,
And their worldly hearts, thought the words o'er.

And many years she lived to prove,
The height, and depth, and length, and breadth,
Of God's most wonderful love.

ROSE MARHAM.

A Little Girl's Soliloquy.

ELL! well! I never did see such a fuss:
And all because Mr. Jones, the millionaire,
Is coming here to tea.
Such cakes! all ice, and strawberries and cream,
And foreign fruits; more than I have ever seen,
But oh dear; such a fuss, the house turned upside down.
I went upstairs to find my Mary Jane, but oh!
They sent me down, and bid me go
And play out on the lawn,
And get some color in my cheeks,
Before Mr. Jones shall come.
He, Mr. Jones I mean, is brother to Uncle Benny,
And very rich—that means got lots of money—
Mamma says I must be very good, and not worry,
I had only ask'd why Aunt Minnie's dress was so long
But then she's sweet on Mr. Jones, I know,
I heard her as good as say so; and mamma
Said one day, "out of the fullness of the mouth,
The heart speak'th," no, no, that was not it,
But I know Aunt Minnie's mouth is always
Full of Mr. Jones, every day; but here he comes, good-bye.

[*Kisses her hand, and runs away.*]

ROSE MARHAM.

Susie and Tommy at Play.

[*Enter Susie and Tommy—showing signs of being tired.*]

"SAY Susie? I'll tell you, come here and see,
Let's play father and mother, just you and me,
I'll be father that's had lot's of beer,
And I must 'tend to beat you, and holla, and swear,
Just like father does when he comes home.
But who'll be Susie, and your little Tom?
And you must 'tend to cry and say, oh! father don't
Beat me, you'll kill me. What! say you won't?
What are you crying for, I was only in fun,
Need'nt cry now, the game ain't begun,
There, there, wipe your eyes; don't let ma see
You have been crying, and all through me."

[*Susie sobbing and crying.*]
"Oh Tommy I want you to promise me
You'll never be a drunkard like father we see,
Don't ever drink the first drop, now promise me so."
[*Continues crying and sobbing.*]

[*Tommy wringing his hands.*]
"Oh! Susie, dear Susie, be quiet, I pray;
What can I do, or what can I say?
I will promise you anything, all the world over,
I will not drink the first drop; then sure I'll keep sober. [*Wipes her eyes.*]
There, now, wipe your eyes, and we'll play hide and seek, [*Puts his arm around her neck.*]
I love you too well to want you to weep;
And I never, no never, again will play drink."

Oh! parents with children, let it never be
That the scene just portrayed your children shall see.
This is not imaginary—I heard and I saw
These words and these actions not far from my door.
And altho' years have gone by, I have never forgot
The sadness I felt—for each word brought a shock—
And my thoughts went back to that card in my home
Hung up by blue ribbon, that all who come
Can see we are abstainers; and never a word
Of "What will you have to drink?" is heard.
Will you, to-night, join our ranks, that Susie and Tom
May now say with me, "I have a temperance home?"
[*Holds out the Temperance Pledge.*]

ROSE MARHAM.

The Request.

WRITE a piece in your autograph album, you say;
Just a word of advice then—take it I pray—
"Be courteous to all."
It can preach a long sermon,
Though the text is so small.

ROSE MARHAM.

On the Death of President James A. Garfield.

SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1881.

GARFIELD, the stricken one,
Righteous and true,
The much tribulation belongeth to you;
To you it is given to enter in through
The gates of the City
That's hid from our view,

And now thou hast entered, thou art satisfied—
Thou livest forever with Him who has died;
Not for His own sins was He crucified.
Surely thou treadest not thy path alone—
Another hath walk'd there before thou wast born
To show thee the way, and lead thee safe home.

In youth thou wast humble; so also was He.
Who in the carpenter's son a Saviour could see?
Who thought the barefooted boy would President be?
And from youth to manhood thou struggled to help
And teach others good, not pleasing thyself;
And now thou art gone—not lost, but safe home.

When those that were faithful
To country and people
Chose thee as President,
Others were evil.
So thou to-day
In the martyr's grave lay.

ROSE MARHAM.

"Verily I Say unto You, Inasmuch as Ye have done it unto one of Least of My Disciples, Ye have done it unto Me."

WHAT words are these! with their welcome cheer,
Dare we depend on what we hear?
"A cup of cold water," or any such thing,
If given in love, on the giver shall bring
A blessing from Jesus, who reigns now a King.

Who is it would think to turn a deaf ear,
To the words of an earthly monarch, when near
Their Majesty stood, and was able to do,
Far above all they had promised to give
By the mouth of their speaker and representative.

And shall we not heed when He speaks from on high,
Who ruleth the earth, the air and the sky,
Who hath said, "Sooner shall heaven and earth pass away,"
Than one jot or tittle of the word I have spoken,
Till all is fulfilled: 'tis God gives the token.

So, dear thoughtful friends, yours is the blessing
Promised by Jesus in His holy word;
For as oft as ye help the sick and the sorrowing
To comforts their means could never afford,
The cup of cold water shall Jesus reward.

I have seen a doll make the weary eyes bright,
And, forgetful of pain, came a shout of delight,
And the sick one seem'd better with dolly in sight.
No matter how humble the offering may be,
The blessing of giving shall rest upon thee.

Some flowers, or a book, a cake, or a toy,
Are gifts within reach of each girl or boy,
For a little sick friend, or a neighbor at hand;
'Twill show you remember them, tho' you may not attend.
A word to the wise is sufficient, I know,
So I bid you adieu, for away I must go.
[*Makes a bow.*] ROSE MARHAM.

Judgment Day.

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.—REV. XX. 12.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of all mankind appears
In clouds of glory seated."

And I saw a great white throne,
And Him that sat thereon,
From whose face the earth and heaven had fled
For no place was found for them.

And the dead, both small and great,
Was judged, standing before God,
Out of the books of word and deed,
And out of the book of love.

Say, what shall be written there, my friend,
Of thee and me, to-night?
A vow, if kept, till time shall end,
Will yield us sweet delight.

Our influence for good,
And against all evil, will we give—
A seed beside all waters sown
As long as we shall live.

And on the tablets of our mind,
  Lord, write it clear and plain,
That we may never more forget,
  But read it oft again;

That at the last great day, when we shall stand
  In that unnumbered throng,
We may lift our voice with those we love,
  In the everlasting song.

For there shall in no wise enter
  Anything that is unclean—
The drunkard in his drunkenness,
  Nor the liar in his sin.

Have you ever seen the outline
  Drawn by a master hand,
Of a human head, with features
  Hard and scowling—showing evil mind?

But then a few more touches
  Of his pencil brings to view
The noble brow, the softening eye,
  The lips that smile on you.

So changed shall be our lives,
  So marked the influence given,
When love shall use its magic power
  To win poor souls for heaven.

And if our memory shall be
  The open book we are judged from,
How sweet that all mankind may see
  We have worked with Christ to save some.

We shall not need, like the rich man,
  To send Lazarus down from heaven,
If our lives are living epistles—
  Known and read of all men.

ROSE MARHAM.

Truth Versus Equivocation.

A LITTLE child, one summer day,
Strayed to a neighbor's house to play,
Tho' often warned she must not go
Where naughty words and actions show.
Another neighbor passing by
The tidy child did soon descry,
And wonder'd in such company
Her neighbor's little one to see;
So call'd upon her friend to say,
"Your little girl's across the way;"
But soon the little child returned
In answer to a call,
When mother said, "Why did you go
To play with them at all?"
And wond'ringly the bright eyes looked
How mother came to know;
But mother said, "Have you not heard
The birds can tell me so?"
Then out of doors those pretty eyes
Quickly tried to trace
Which of the birds that hopp'd about
Would show a tell-tale face;
But failed amongst them all to find
The face that showed a guilty mind;
So wander'd off to other play,
Musing o'er the mystery on her way.
And the mother too found food for thought
On that bright afternoon;
The child's sweet look of faith had taught
Truth could not be spoke too soon.

ROSE MARHAM.

Behold I Stand at the Door and Knock, if any Man hear My Voice and open the Door, I will come in to Him, and will Sup with Him, and He with Me.

SAY! hast thou never heard His Voice,
Sister of sorrow and care,
Bidding thine heart, look up unto Him,
Believe in His love, and not fear.
Yet how hard 'twas to feel, love dealt the blow,
That crushed all thy hopes in their bud,
And snatchad from thy arms, the darling whose charms
Fill'd thy life and thy home with its love.
Yet He who hath said in His word from above,
"I chasten, rebuke, all those that I love,
But to him that o'ercometh, it shall be given,
To sit on My throne in the kingdom of heaven."
For I "Alpha and Omega" must be;
Let cheerful obedience be given to me.

ROSE MARHAM.

Ye Have not yet Resisted unto Blood, Striving against Sin

HEB. XII. 4.

O LORD! teach me what this may be,
The meaning of Thy Word I want to see;
Let me see light in Thy light, Lord,
Then a lamp to my feet shall be Thy Word.
'Twas the prayer of a maiden, young in years,
A youthful Christian, with hopes and fears,
Remembering the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given,"
Early taught by a mother now resting in heaven.

With God's book in hand, on bended knees,
And looking again at the words, she sees
A battlefield pass before her eyes,
Each side contending to win the prize;
And, wondering still what this might be,
Each side seem'd determined on victory.
But, as she watched, one overcame,
And the other lay bleeding on the plain;
And there came to her heart, as a still, small voice—
Of the two combatants take thy choice;
Thou must fight against besetting sin, till you o'ercome,
For if you yield to them you're lost and undone;
Fight when it seems you're risking your all,
Just leaving to Jesus whate'er may befall.
And the young Christian knew God had answered her prayer—
Her path of duty was made so clear.
She knew He who was for her was more than could be
Against her through time to eternity.

ROSE MARHAM.

And there Appeared unto Them Elias with Moses, and They Were Talking with Jesus.

MARK IX. 4.

SHALL we know each other there,
When we reach yon peaceful shore?
We shall know as we are known
When we meet to part no more.
We shall know each other there,
When we meet to part no more.

Shall we know our blessed Saviour,
Whom we've learnt to love below?

We shall know as we are known,
When we kneel before His throne.
We shall know, &c.

Comfort take, dear sister, brother,
For loved ones gone before
Will surely know us from all other,
When we meet on that blest shore.
We shall know, &c.

Was not Moses and Elias
Known to the disciples, when,
At our Lord's transfiguration
On the mount, they talk'd with him?
We shall know, &c.

ROSE MARHAM.

I Shall be Satisfied when I Awake with Thy Likeness.

PSALM XVII. 15.

OH! how our face shall light
Up with the glory of the sight,
When we see Him for ourselves, and not another;
And we shall be like Him, too;
For His Holy Word doth shew
Who is His mother, and sister and brother.
When we know as we are known,
What will that rapture be,
When seated on Thy throne for all eternity?
Lord, we cannot tell; but of this we are sure—
Satisfied with Thee, we shall want never more.

ROSE MARHAM.

Look on This Picture, then on That.

Picture No. 1.

A PRETTY cottage, and the day's work o'er,
A fruitful garden seen from the open door,
With perfumed blossom and singing bird,
Where only love's persuasive tone is heard.
A mother sewing, and with attentive ear
Listening to father's voice, low and clear,
As he reads from his Daily, now his work is done;
While youthful voices from within mingle with the organ's tone—
Singing from their heart, "There is no place like home."

Picture No. 2.

A gate on one hinge, and a garden bare—
For only weeds can flourish there—
Untill'd and unsown, save by broken crocks,
(The result to the neighbors being weedy crops)
Angry words, or a curse, are the sounds you hear
In the cool of the evening float on the air;
Or, if a man with a staggering gait you see,
'Tis a sign to his children that they must flee.
And shall we who are safe from such woe,
Shut our eyes to results and let things go?
Must husband, and wife, and children, be
Left to die daily in such misery?
Can nothing be done; will no one try to save
Our neighbors around from a drunkard's grave—
Or may be from a murderer's?—for how many so end
From such a beginning with the liquor fiend.
If there is hope in the Scott Act,
Let us join heart and hand,
Until hotels and taverns are unknown in our land;
And ours shall be the "well done,"
To the faithful given,
When we pass from our labors
To our rest in heaven.

ROSE MARHAM.

Cursed is He that Giveth His Neighbor Drink.

WHERE have I read it, where can it be,
This direful curse in my memory ?
Let it be hung up to be read by all,
Nail it up in the dining-room
And out in the hall,
Lest on my family, this dire curse fall.
"Cursed is he that giveth his neighbor drink,"
Cursed of God ! yet only think
How often 'tis given, this neighborly drink,
By the wine on your table, and the beer at your side,
The poor inebriate is tempted, God's curse is defied.
What is it that St. Paul says ? just let me think,
"If meat cause my brother to sin,
(Then how much more the driink)
For whom Christ has died,
I will eat no more meat while I am alive."
Noble self-sacrifice, for how much more in meat
Is the strength that is needed,
For work than in drink.
So who will with me to-night
Their pledge of abstinence renew,
To refrain from intoxicants
All their life through.

ROSE MARHAM.

The Scrap Book.

WHOSOE'ER keep a scrap book, compiled with discretion,
Will ne'er lack entertainment, that shall be a home mission,
If to fill up its pages, should be your endeavor,
With wit, beauty and truth, 'twill be a joy ever.
For gray hairs or youth love the noble and witty,
And the learn'd or letter'd, all admire what is pretty,
And a good motive supplied—like seed on life's tide,
Shall obey God's command, and yield fruit beside.

ROSE MARHAM.

Medicine.

AN old fashioned medicine
For parents and children,
Which need but be tasted,
For each to want more.
Just keep your counsel,
And all will be wondering,
That mamma never made
This nice stuff before.
Four ounces of epsom salts,
One ounce of senna,
One pint of water,
Just let them simmer;
Strain free from leaves
In your porcelain pot,
Add three pounds of prunes,
One pint water, hot.
Let them gently stew,
From two hours to three,
With three-half pounds of sugar,
All ready for tea.
A small saucer full
For each child at supper,
Will make a good meal,
With nice bread and butter.

ROSE MARHAM.

THE END.